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"HOLDE FASTE FAYTHE."

A CELEBRATED race for many a century were the "prentices of London." Tale, drama, history, all bear witness to their importance; and while the ancient tale narrates the prowess of the London 'prentice who "robbed the lion of his heart" (a feat, by the way, which centuries before had been assigned to Richard Cœur de Lion, in the curious romance that bears his name), and the old drama told how the Earl of Boulogne, exiled from his domains, apprenticed his four sons to the four chief city guilds, and how the valiant youngsters, laying aside the implements of their respective callings, set forth to the Crusades, each displaying, in lieu of their paternal banner, the arms of his respective company, and how their valour was rewarded by broad lands and right royal brides—history, in more sober strain, has told how vigilantly the doings of the 'prentices were always watched by the civic authorities; how eagerly the opinions of these "youths of the city" were sought by the successive popular leaders; and how, when the lords of the council sent their instructions to the city in times of political excitement, the charge that the "fellowshipes" should be in readiness at their respective halls, was always coupled with the no less important one, that the 'prentices should be strictly kept at home. Indeed, the belligerent propensities of the London 'prentices were the talk of the whole land, and the boast of their good city. Never did any outbreak, political or civic, take place, but

"Up arose the 'prentices all,
Living in London, both proper and tall."

as the old ballad says, prepared to maintain the right by the strong hand, and give battle with their clubs to whoever might be hardy enough to oppose them.

A proud as well as a fighting race were these 'prentices of London. Although, in days of great splendour of apparel, he was compelled to wear the plain blue cloth gown reaching to the knee, and the under-vest and long hose of mere white kersey—although prohibited during his apprenticeship from wearing furs or feathers, brooch, chain, or ring—although expected to work at his trade, and even to bring water from the Conduit (for the golden era of Sir Hugh Myddelton and the New River as yet was not), still the London 'prentice bore himself proudly as page or esquire of the baronial castle. Like them, he was but learning the duties of his calling, and like them the time was approaching when his servitude would cease. Like theirs, too, his was no mean service, for the wealthy fraternity to which his master belonged watched over his welfare; and there was no peculiar right which the noble of those days possessed, which was not claimed and exercised by the twelve chief guilds of London. These held lands, gave liveries to their members (whence the name "livery companies"), used armorial bearings, had their chaplains, their numerous officers, all wearing their badge, their noble halls, where even royalty had feasted in palatial splendour. No wonder was it, therefore, that the 'prentice was proud of his guild. But there were other causes for his lofty bearing—these plainly-clad youths would in future years become, and they only, the rulers of the city. Yes, the alderman, who, in scarlet, now sat beside the judges on the bench, had once worn the blue coat which he now wore; the silken-robed sheriff, who, surrounded by billmen, and heralded by pursuivants bearing glittering banners, read the royal proclamation at the Conduit, had in youth filled his water tankard from that very fountain; and as the gorgeous train of the Lord-Mayor swept by, each admiring 'prentice lad called to mind that he

who now rode in all the pomp of civic royalty, with mace and sword borne reverently by bare-headed officers before him, had in time past owned no prouder weapon than the club of the London 'prentice. Yes, each gazing youth, if industrious, upright, and enterprising, might hope one day to become Lord-Mayor—proud name in the days of our Plantagenets and Tudors, for what superb associations then clustered around the name of London! In our less romantic days, we are content to claim for our good city the respectable age of eighteen centuries—not so our forefathers; they traced its apocryphal history to that remote period when Brutus, grandson of Æneas, wandered by the Thames, and chose that rising ground, so well protected from the north by its thick forests, as the site of his future city, and framed its laws, and regulated its customs, "like and after the manner of old Troy"—so said the city records—and gave it that name, so dear to its ancient inhabitants, "Troynewant." Well might our forefathers be proud of their city, for what other capital of Europe could boast a renown of two thousand years in the days of our Plantagenets!—Troynewant having been founded—and in this orthodox faith each citizen lived and died—"in the days when Gideon was judge over Israel."

And then, to corroborate, by irrefragable proofs, this dream of ancient greatness, the massive walls of the venerable city met their eyes at every turn; and the London Stone, that mysterious symbol, so devoutly believed to be the palladium of its inhabitants, stood a silent proof of her high antiquity; and the Giants, those objects of vague but solemn reverence to the London children from time immemorial, frowned awfully from above Guildhall gate, types of a race that claimed lineage with the heroes of old Troy. With such associations, and surrounded by such memorials, no wonder each London 'prentice bore himself proudly. He was "citizen of no mean city," heir of a long and illustrious line of ancestry; and if this view occasionally expressed itself in the censorious forms of opposition to the subordinate civic authorities, and fierce hostility towards all "outlandish men," it also more frequently displayed itself in diligence, industry, and inviolable respect for his word—qualities which, even more than his energy and enterprise, rendered the London trader of past times illustrious among the nations. These qualities were possessed by many a London 'prentice, but the story of one of their number especially deserves to be rescued from oblivion.

It was a pleasant summer evening; the sunshine yet rested on the points of the tall gables, and a sky clearer than what usually meets the eye of the inhabitant of London stretched out above; and the elderly citizens, in their long furred gowns, staff in hand, were wending their way toward the neighbouring fields to enjoy a pleasant walk; and the city maidens, in holiday apparel, with nosegays in hand, or at the bosom, were gaily tripping beside their fathers; and the 'prentices, with bows and arrows, were preparing to go into Finsbury Fields to shoot, or were busily engaged at foot-ball in the wide streets—all were abroad save the sick and the very aged, and even they had crept close to the window, and flung the casement wide open, that the breath of that sweet evening might visit them. It was, therefore, not without surprise that the company of 'prentices, who were proceeding toward Margate, saw young Piers Haywards hastening in the opposite direction, and two or three of their number crossed over to ask him whether he had forgotten the shooting-match that was to take place that evening, between the 'prentices of the drapers on the one side,

and those of the skinners on the other, in the long field just beside Perilous Pool (a piece of water still remaining, but now known under the far more attractive title of "Peerless Pool"). The young apprentice assured his companions that he had not forgotten the shooting-match, but that he was bound on an expedition for his master, adding, that he trusted he should be able to return in time to witness the conclusion, perhaps in time to shoot an arrow for the honour of the worshipful guild of the skinners, to which he belonged.

"Come now with us," said his young companions, for they knew that Piers shot a true shaft, "and afterward go your errand."

The youth shook his head. "I should like of all things to be in Finsbury Fields this evening, and I trust I shall," said he; "but my master hath sent me to old Marbeck."

"Go to him afterward," replied they all; "wherefore should a London 'prentice be at the bidding of a Fleming?"

"Nay, I must go," replied Piers, "for I promised him this morning; and whether Englishman or Fleming, I must 'holde faste faythe';" and thus saying, he bounded onward.

"Saints grant no harm may chance to Piers and his master through that outlandish man!" said the eldest, joining his companions; "but there hath been strange things said of him."

"Not more than of other outlandish men—the fiend take them all!" replied young Ralph Forster. "Piers had better be in Finsbury Fields this evening than with him; for, as my good master always saith, nought but ill comes of foreigners. Well, we shall see."

The youthful company bounded merrily forward, while Piers steadily pursued his way; and when he arrived at the dark, grim-looking tenement in Lower Thames Street, where the old man dwelt, he cast a mournful look up to the sky, as though he regretted the fate that had sent him there, instead of being abroad in the fields with his bow and arrows, gaily striving for the mastery with his young friends. He knocked at the door; after some delay, he was admitted, and groping his way as well as he was able up the dark narrow stairs, he at length found himself, not in the apartment the old Fleming usually occupied, but in a smaller one, filled with strange-looking instruments and crucibles of various sizes, and long, narrow-necked bottles (the retorts of those days)—all giving proof that old Marbeck, although ostensibly an importer of furs, pursued the mysterious calling of an alchemist. The old man entered while the young 'prentice was still gazing wonderingly around; he smiled kindly at his guest. "It is not every one that I would admit here," said he, "for the philosopher hath to suffer much scorn of foolish men; but you, my fair boy, are not so, and you are trustworthy, so I heed not that you should know that I pursue the same holy art which Raymond Lully taught in the cloister, and which Nicholas Flamel caused to be painted on the windows of his parish church."

Young Piers bowed delightedly to the compliments of the old man; he again looked round—he marked the cross carved above the mantel-piece, and the motto, "*In hoc signo*"—the same holy sign impressed on each crucible—the psalter, illuminated with strange and mysterious symbols, laid open at the ninety-first psalm, which the alchemist usually recited at the commencement of his labours; and he looked upon the venerable old man, with his calm noble brow and snowy beard, with a reverence alike for his wisdom and his sanctity, and forgot for the moment that he was

a London 'prentice, pledged to a life-long hatred of "outlandish men."

Very pleasantly did the evening pass away, for the old man seemed to enjoy the company of his young companion, and he had stores of knowledge to impart—wondrous tales of far-off lands, where the summer sun never sets, and where winter builds up palaces of crystal, splendid as though floored with emerald and roofed with diamonds; and then he told of the realm of "Muscovy"—at this period, for the events of our tale took place in 1498, almost an unknown land—and then he told what pleasant visions the alchemist could enjoy while he sat day by day watching his beechen fire. And when the curfew-bell warned young Piers how the time had flown, he lightly bounded away, well pleased that he had spent that beautiful evening so pleasantly, albeit in a small close room, and in company with an old man.

From that evening, very frequent were the visits of Piers Haywards to Justus Marbeck; his master, indeed, often sent him on business, but he more frequently went of his own accord, while the pleasure which the old man took in his company seemed each time to increase. And pleasant were the dreams that beguiled the young apprentice's waking hours, of future wealth, and honour, and high station—dreams most blamelessly, and indeed naturally, indulged in by one whose infancy was surrounded by comforts, which his youth knew not, for Piers Haywards was the son of an esquire in the suite of Lord Lovell, and that esquire had lost his life on Bosworth field, and his widow, with her only son, a child of eight years old, had sought a living in London by her skill in embroidery. Here Providence raised her up a kind friend in Master Forsham, the skinner of Ludgate, who placed her child at school, and afterwards took him as his apprentice; and here she dwelt, almost unknown, but greatly respected by her neighbours, who remarked to each other that Alice Haywards had certainly once occupied a higher station, and had herself worn the rich and beautiful broidery which she now wrought to supply her with bread. It was to his mother alone that Piers told the pursuits of the old Fleming; and while she smiled at his pleasant dreams—how that he might one day learn the art of making gold, and again surround her with the comforts and luxuries which he faintly remembered they had enjoyed in his father's days, and repay good Master Forsham for all his untiring kindness, and his pretty daughter, Mildred, for all the sweet smiles she had bestowed on the grateful 'prentice—while the mother smiled at these vain fancies, she shook her head, and earnestly warned him to be on his guard, for she knew in how many instances the pursuit of alchemy was adopted as a blind by dangerous and subtle men, who were engaged in the political intrigues that characterised the greater portion of Henry VII.'s reign. The warning, though not unheeded, fell on reluctant ears; for when the young enthusiast remembered the many wise and pious counsels which the old man had bestowed on him—how kindly he had inquired after his mother's welfare, and how liberally, in more than one instance, he had behaved to Master Forsham, whose success in business of late had been far from prosperous—he felt vexed and disheartened that his mother should suspect so worthy a man of aught that was ill.

Meanwhile, although Master Forsham used every exertion, his losses increased. The beautiful miniver which he had purchased during summer had become moth-eaten; the rich sables which he had sold to Antonio Bandelli for his damask robe, were seized by his creditors on the very day of the bankrupt Italian's decease; and the "Lion of London," in which he had adventured two hundred marks' worth of furs, had not yet returned from its voyage—all things seemed adverse to the poor furrier; and it was with no feeling of pleasure that he looked forward to that grand holiday of the London citizens, Lord-Mayor's day. On this day, every liveryman accompanied his guild, and walked in the procession or stood in the streets, and afterwards returned to dine in the hall; and on this occasion the enamelled brooch or the jewelled thumb-ring was proudly displayed by those members who owned such ornaments; and with no ordinary pride had Gilbert Forsham been accustomed to display his rich gold thumb-ring, set with a ruby, the bequest of his uncle and godfather, formerly the alderman of the ward of Farringdon Without. Alas! that ring had been pledged at that ancient "*monte di pieta*," Bishop Braybrooke's chest, at St Paul's; and unless he could obtain twenty marks to redeem it, he must meet his guild without his accustomed ornament, and excite the suspicions of the brotherhood as to his circumstances, perchance awaken doubts as to his solvency.

It wanted but two days to Lord-Mayor's day, when Piers became acquainted with the cause of his master's anxiety; and with a sorrowful heart he sought his mother's dwelling, to impart the story to her friendly bosom.

"Would that we could aid your kind master!" said she; "but ring, or chain, or aught that might be disposed of, I have none, else I would gladly sell or pledge them to redeem his ring."

Piers looked earnestly in her face. "Jewel or ornament we have not, it is true, dear mother," said he, "but there is one relic of past days, the silver cup with the unicorn's head; let me carry it to Master Marbeck's. He will, I am sure, stand my friend, and lend me the money upon it; and my master, who would be loath that one whom he dealt with should

know his distress, shall never know from whom I obtained it."

Alice Haywards arose, took from her chest the silver cup, the sole remembrance of days when her prospects were fair and bright, and put it into her son's hands. "Heaven forbid," said she, "that one who for so many years has stood our friend, should be in trouble if we could aid him! So, go to the old man; perchance he will lend you the money."

Eagerly, if not gladly, did Piers take his way toward Lower Thames Street, and ascend the well-acquainted stairs, and enter the well-remembered room. There was the old man, not as usual seated beside his furnace, but busily engaged in looking over a heap of papers, with a careworn and anxious countenance. At the sight of Piers, a mournful smile lighted up his features. "My fair boy," said he, "Heaven hath doubtless sent you to my aid. I have been summoned to Liege, to attend, I fear me, the death-bed of my only son, and ere curfew I must depart. Now, I have some papers of great importance, which I would convey by a sure messenger to Hugo Waldecker, who dwells beside St Katherine's; will you do this errand, and earn the blessing of an old man, who perchance ere long may be childless?"

"Surely will I," replied Piers, touched with the sorrow of his old friend; "and I will go forthwith, for it is close at hand."

"The blessings of every saint be upon you!" said the old man fervently; "here is the pacquet—to be delivered into no one's hand but Hugo Waldecker; and should you not meet him—which Heaven forbid!—bring it back to me; it will be a full hour ere I depart. Surely I may depend on you."

"Surely you may," replied Piers, carefully placing the pacquet in his bosom. "Hold faste fatythe," was the first lesson my mother taught me, and it is one that, by Heaven's grace, I will never forget."

Many anxious thoughts arose in our young 'prentice's mind as he threaded his way through the dark and narrow passages that led to Tower-hill, and as he crossed the fields to St Katherine's (then at a distance from the city, and consisting of the hospital dedicated to that saint, and a collection of small tenements clustering around), for he feared whether he might after all be in time to see Marbeck again, and whether, if he did, he might be able to obtain from him the assistance he needed. And more anxious were his thoughts, when, after long and diligent inquiry, he found that no one knew the person he sought after, and he was compelled to retrace his steps. The curfew rung ere he arrived at Marbeck's lodgings, and, as he feared, the old man was gone; but the woman who owned the house placed in his hand a small billet, in which was written—"Should you not find Waldecker, take especial care of the papers, and, remember, 'holde faste fatythe.'"

In very sorrowful mood, Piers turned to go home; but scarcely had he quitted the door, ere he found himself in the grasp of a powerful man. "Come, my fair sir, give us the parcel old Marbeck gave you," said a stern voice; "I'll warrant it's worth the having." But Piers, who doubted not but that he was attacked by robbers, made vigorous resistance. A second now came up; but the young apprentice, who was tall and active, and well accustomed to trials of strength, kept them both at bay. At length, almost overpowered, but determined to preserve the pacquet which had so solemnly been confided to his care, he drew forth the cherished silver cup, and flung it as far as he could. As he expected, the glitter of the metal attracted his opponents; and while the one rushed to seize it, he disengaged himself with vigorous effort from the grasp of the other, and fled with as much speed as he was able. Ere long, his strength failed him; and as he leaned against one of the blocks which at this period were placed at intervals along the streets, he perceived the blood was flowing fast from a wound he had received on his head. He was now in Walbrook, and he felt it was impossible that he could reach Ludgate. His mother's house, in Lepre's Lane, was near at hand, and thither he determined to go.

The meeting between the mother and her son was mournful. He had, indeed, preserved the papers entrusted to him, but the highly-prized silver cup, which no inducement save gratitude to their best friend would have led them to part with, was the prey of robbers; and more, the aid which they trusted they should afford to Master Forsham was now out of their power. Long and sorrowful was their conversation, but at length sleep closed their eyes, and brought a respite to their anxieties.

It was late in the following morning ere Piers awoke. His mother was standing anxiously by his bed, and beside her Ralph Forster, the youth who had so bitterly inveighed against all outlandish men. "I have sorrowful news indeed," said she; "good Master Forsham hath been taken up on charge of treason, and he hath sent word by this kind youth that you must instantly quit London, lest you should share his fate."

"Yes, dear Pier," said Ralph, "good Master Forsham trusts all may be well with him yet; but you, as the son of a known Yorkist, would gain little favour. Moreover, only last night, it seems, you were with that old scatterling, who was no gold-maker after all, but the chief, it is said, of another foreign conspiracy. Haste, dear Pier, for the king hath sent down to the city, and the aldermen are even now at Guildhall."

"And to Guildhall I will go," said Piers, rising. "Merciful Heaven! my mother's warning was too true!"

It was in vain that Ralph prayed and entreated his young friend to escape, and urged upon him the suspicion with which Lancastrian judges would listen to the statements of the son of an esquire who had fallen beneath the banner of Richard at Bosworth; how strange it would seem to them that an apprentice, for no apparent reason, should late at night visit the old Fleming; and how each explanation he might offer would only tend to confirm their belief of his guilt. But entreaties were vain. "I have kept faith, alas! with that wicked old man," said Piers, sadly, "and shall I break it with my good master? Dear mother, give me your blessing, for I must go."

"And I will go with you, my son," said she, "and Heaven grant that your innocence be made clear!"

The hustings in Guildhall were filled with civic dignitaries; for each alderman thought it necessary to prove by his appearance the horror he felt at each plot which was discovered, or said to be discovered, by the most suspicious government which England had ever known; and each well knew that Tudor would not be slow in instituting proceedings against any one whose wealth might be a grateful offering at the shrine of his avarice. So there they sat, in lengthened row, in scarlet and sables; and recorder, and town-clerk, and commissioners sent by the king, occupied seats below—all bending their eyes on the poor skinner of Ludgate, who, like a man suddenly awakened, bewilderedly returned their gaze—when a noble-looking youth, but pale, and bearing on his person and dress the stains of his last night's encounter, advanced with a firm step, and placed himself beside the prisoner.

"Then you persist in denying that you saw Marbeck last night," said the town-clerk.

"I do," was the reply.

"It was I who saw him last night," interposed the youth, "and therefore I am come."

The town-clerk sternly eyed him—"Who are you?"

"Piers Haywards, 'prentice to Master Forsham."

"And what led you to Marbeck's lodgings?"

The colour mounted to his cheek, and he stood silent, for Piers was unwilling to disclose the cause of his going; but there was a gentle pressure on his arm—it was his mother, who had followed close behind him, and she whispered, "Tell all, my son; honest poverty is not disgraceful."

The young 'prentice told his simple story, and many a kind and sympathising glance was directed toward him as he detailed his anxious endeavours to aid his master—his disappointment when he found that Marbeck had quitted his lodging—his subsequent encounter with the thieves, and the safety of the pacquet so dearly purchased by the loss of the valued silver cup; "for, alas!" added he, "little did I think that he for whom I gave it up, was to bring my good master into this sore jeopardy;" and he drew it from his bosom, and laid it on the bar. The town-clerk took the pacquet up, and handed it to the lord-mayor, who opened it. There was a solemn pause while the lord-mayor turned over the papers it contained, and, with an expression of strong surprise, handed them to the commissioners, who, with equal surprise, looked over them, and then conferred with the town-clerk.

At length the lord-mayor spoke—"Gilbert Forsham," said he—and the poor prisoner raised his head, and became deadly pale, as though about to receive sentence of death—"great joy have I in telling you that the charges against you are all disproved by the statements found in these papers. That wicked conspirator, Marbeck, hath, it appears, made use of your name on purpose to prevent suspicion attaching to him; and when, yesterday, hearing that the pursuivants were in quest of him, he prepared for flight, he gave this pacquet to your apprentice. The pursuivants were even then watching, but he escaped them; and when your apprentice returned, it was with them that he fought, not with robbers. And thus your silver cup is safe, my good youth," added the lord-mayor, turning kindly to the astonished apprentice; "nor would you have escaped them so easily, save that they had been told especially to secure a certain silver box, and for it they mistook your cup. Your faith, my fair youth, hath been well tried, and I would that every 'prentice in London might take ensample from you."

"Would that they might!" cried Alderman Champneys, an aged man, who had watched with great interest the proceedings; "and what is the good youth's name? Alas! had I but such a son, I should well be proud of him—but all my children are dead."

"Father, dear father!" cried Alice Haywards, pressing forward, "say not so! Piers, kneel, and ask your grandfather's blessing; he saith he is childless, but daughter and grandson are both before him!"

The old man came near, and gazed long and earnestly on his daughter and her son. "They told me you were dead," said he; "where have you been?"

"I sent to you, dear father, when first, in great distress, I came to London; but I was told you still refused to see me, even as you did when you found I had married a Yorkist."

"They told you falsely, my dear daughter, for I diligently inquired after you, but was told you were dead. Oh! wherefore did you not send to me again?"

"Because I trusted that one day my son might not disgrace his grandfather; and then, methought, he would be proud to own him."

"And so he is," cried the old man, weeping, and overcome with excess of joy; "and blessed was the lesson you taught him to 'holde faste faythe'."

Prosperous was the after career of our young apprentice; he married pretty Mildred; he in due time inherited his grandfather's property, and became one of the chief skinners (as fur-merchants were then called) in London. And great was the patronage bestowed on him by the king—many a tippet of sables, many a suite of miniver and of royal ermine, were purchased by royal command of Master Haywards; and when, afterwards, he became in the same year sheriff and master of the worshipful guild of skinners, he bestowed a noble gift on his company—a fair silver standing cup, with salver and cover, richly wrought and parcel-gilt, the work of Master Wurley of Westcheap, and round about the brim he caused his motto to be engraved—"HOLDE FASTE FAYTHE."

OUR COUSINS-GERMAN IN NORMANDY.

MANY of our most philosophical writers contemplate the march of mankind as simply the march of the genius of the German people, maintaining that the steady, though sometimes slow, progress of civilisation is always the work of a race largely inheriting the Teutonic blood and spirit, and that the nations which do not participate in these, either remain in a state of lethargy, or hastily get up institutions that soon fall away, and leave the face of the earth in its original aspect. Amongst the most remarkable of recent attempts to advance this theory, we would place a work just published respecting Normandy,* the inhabitants of which, as is well known, are of German descent. This work is a more elaborate one than the most of the books of travels of the day, the number of which seems nearly as great as the number of travellers was a few years ago.

We need only remind our readers that Normandy is one of the richest, most populous, and most industrious provinces of France, in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, and is situated in the English Channel, being about 150 miles in length, 80 in breadth, and 600 in circumference. Our author contends that it is the German spirit of the inhabitants that makes this the most important province of France; and that the figures and habits of the people, the aspect of the towns, and even the face of the country, always remind the traveller of Germany, so like are they to each other. Amongst other points of resemblance, he says, the Normans are as fond of law as their kinsmen in Germany or England could wish: take the following as examples:—"I know a man at Rouen who commenced a lawsuit with his nephew, his only heir, on account of some informality in a contract, which the nephew offered to cancel and replace with another—a proposal to which the uncle, however, refused to assent, that he might not let slip the fair opportunity of at last gaining one lawsuit after losing a great many. Instances of this kind are frequently occurring." In Caen, where they are first-rate horse-jobbers, "they have the reputation of being so litigious that you cannot do any business whatever without writings signed, sealed, and duly attested by the authorities, unless you would like to have a little suit into the bargain. Hence," he adds, "the lawyers in Normandy are a very thriving class, and, in spite of the revolution and its innovations, they always find their kitchen, cellar, pig-stye, and poultry-yard, abundantly supplied at the expense of their clients."

The writer of this book evidently makes his first appearance before the public, if appearance it can be called when we know not whose writing we see. His wit does not always sparkle, and his speculations are sometimes tedious; but he has industriously collected details for those who take an interest in any particular district of Normandy. A good deal of the book is necessarily taken up with accounts respecting Caen, Rouen, and Havre. Though agriculture flourishes, it appears that nearly all the towns are sinking fast, principally from the growing difficulties of the navigation connected with them. Even Rouen is yielding, though still desperately resisting, to Havre, the great sea-port and commercial centre of the province.

Havre is the port selected by the greater number of German emigrants who are bound for America, as the place from which to take their passage across the Atlantic. In the work before us there are some most surprising statements respecting the system of plunder practised on these poor simple people. It appears that they flock in vast multitudes from their native country through France to this port, some thousands arriving every fortnight. "They have drawn a great number of German publicans, retail shopkeepers, and brokers to the town, and very often the wives and children, sometimes whole families of German emigrants, stay behind, so that the number of resident Germans is continually increasing. One evening, walking on the quays after the people had left work, I heard the sound of a violin playing a waltz on board one of the ships, and occasionally the loud 'Juchhei!' of German peasants. I made my way across several vessels, till I reached the one on whose deck a whole German cargo were dancing to the in-

strument of a village fiddler from Rhenish Bavaria. I have several times seen German emigrants wiping the big tears from their eyes when the ship was passing the quay, as they waved their adieu to a friend who was to sail in another vessel on the next or succeeding day. However, on board the ship just ready to start, the people danced, and made merry, and shouted 'Juchhei!' Nothing but distress, present misery, and the prospect of a darker future, compel these unfortunate people to bid a joyful adieu to their fondly-loved native land, and seek to live by their labour in a far distant country. The sufferings of many centuries are to be read in the features of these people."

They are the prey of sharpers, generally their own countrymen. Every thing they purchase is paid for much above its proper price. Watchers are sold to them often at ten times the real value. Agents who contract for their passage keep them lingering at the port till their last penny is expended. Owing to the impositions practised on them, they often have to beg for a subsistence at Havre, and perhaps have to stop for a year in order to work for the means of paying their passage.

The work gives much other useful information, at which we can at present take but a glance. Agriculture engrosses a great deal of the attention of the Normans. The English Lammas wheat was introduced into Caen by Mr Weathercroft in 1797; it has now almost superseded the aboriginal wheat, and is spreading farther and farther into France. The commerce of Caen was formerly great, but since the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and the gradual filling up of the channel of the river Orne, once navigable for large vessels, this source of employment has greatly diminished, and its labourers are forced to make periodical visits to Havre, Cherbourg, and Paris, for work. A growing demoralisation is the result of those separations. The decline of Dieppe is mainly attributed to the centralising system of the government, and also to its refusal to expend out of the local taxation a few millions of francs in improving the harbour. Some important details are given respecting the manufactures at Rouen, on which 400,000 persons depend. It appears that the manufacturers and artisans complain there as much as here—the former, that wages are too high; the latter, that food and other necessities are so dear, that, though they and their children toil as many hours as the factory population in Lancashire, still they can never procure adequate provisions or clothing. In Havre, labourers and citizens are also inadequately paid, except those who work in the docks. The most happy, and, in every sense, respectable class, seems to be the fishermen and pilots, who, when on shore, keep at home with their families.

Thus it appears that, even in the most flourishing division of France, there is, in the distress of the people, much cause for grave concern to the patriot and statesman. One of the Norman operative poets speaks the sentiments of a great body of the community in these lines:—

"La pensée brisée a mon ame,
Le travail a brisé mon corps."

"Care has crushed my soul,
Toil has broken my body."

We conclude with a few detached passages, extracted from various parts of the book.

A WITTY BUTCHER.

A few years ago a butcher of Caen bought a calf of a cattle-jobber in the environs. Half a gallon of cider was to clinch the bargain, and the butcher jocosely observed in conversation, among other things, that he meant to smuggle the calf into town in broad daylight, and to pass the octroi, or customs barrier, publicly, without paying. The cattle-dealer declared this to be impossible, and a wager was accordingly laid between him and the butcher, who merely made this condition, that the dealer should lend him his dog for half an hour. He put the dog into a large sack, which he threw over his shoulder, and away he trudged to the city. On reaching the octroi, he declared that he had nothing to pay, as there was only a dog in the sack, which he had just bought, and shut up that he might not find his way to his former master. The officers of the octroi would not take this story on trust, but insisted on seeing the dog. The butcher was therefore obliged to open his sack, and the dog naturally availed himself of the opportunity to run away. Off scampered the butcher after him, scolding and swearing all the way. In a quarter of an hour he was again at the octroi, with the sack on his shoulder as before. "You have given me a pretty chase," said he, peevishly, walking through. Next day he invited the officers to partake of a veal cutlet, with which, having won the wager, he treated them and the cattle-dealer.

ENCORE.

Louis XVI., in his journey through Normandy, heard a peasant in the environs of Caen singing a jovial popular song, and was so pleased with it that when it was finished his majesty cried "Bis! bis!" The peasant inquired what that meant, and was told that it signified again or once more. Accordingly, he sang the song a second time, on which the king gave him a piece of gold. The peasant cried "Bis! bis!" and would probably have repeated the cry, if the king, laughing heartily, and giving him a second piece of money, had not said "Assez! assez!" (Enough, enough.)

* Excursions in Normandy, illustrative of the character, manners, customs, history, arts, commerce, manufactures, &c. &c. of that interesting province of France. Edited, from the journal of a recent traveller, by Frederick Shoberl, Esq. Two vols. London: Henry Colburn. 1841.

A DOATING HUSBAND.

One day a sturdy peasant in the environs of Evreux was at work in the fields amidst storm and rain, and went home in the evening, thoroughly tired and drenched to the skin. He was met at the door by his loving wife, who had been at home all day. "My dear," said she, "it has been raining so hard that I could not fetch water, and so I have not been able to make you any soup. But now, as you are wet through, I shall be obliged to you to fetch me a couple of buckets of water: you will not get any wetter." The argument was striking; so the good man took the buckets and fetched some water from the well, which was at a considerable distance. On reaching the house, he found his wife comfortably seated by the fire; then, lifting one bucket after the other, he poured both over his kind and considerate partner. "Now, wife," said he, "you are quite as wet as I am, so you may as well fetch water for yourself: you can't get any wetter."

THE WORST CLOTH THE BEST.

The cloth manufactures in the environs of Vire are not precisely the best in France; but formerly they did a great deal of business, because they furnished cloth of such a bad quality, that no other manufacturer in France could compete with it. In general, to be sure, bad cloth is not in great request; and the revolution alone could go so far in its plebeian stoicism as to prefer that of Vire to any other. The republic was poor and economical, and therefore purchased the cheapest cloth that could be got for its soldiers. The people of Vire sent cloth to the Cisalpine army; and thus the Sans-culottes got culottes, and the cloths of Vire the name of Cisalpins. Subsequently, when republican simplicity was superseded by imperial luxury, the cloth trade of Vire declined, because the manufacturers of the place, accustomed to make a cheap and bad commodity, could not for some time get into the way of producing a better.

THE NORMAN APPLE.

The apple-tree of Normandy is an ornament to the country in spring, summer, and autumn; its fruit fills store-house, cellar, and kitchen; it feeds man and beast, and finally serves for manure—in short, it is all in all to the inhabitants. The apples which are not consumed as such, or exported, are pressed and yield cider, the wine of the province. Such as are not fit for cider, serve for making brandy or vinegar. The pomace, or pulp, from which the juice has been pressed, supplies fodder for cattle; mixed with vegetable mould, it forms a capital manure for poor land; and in districts where wood is scarce, this substance is dried and used in the following year for fuel. Thus it is easy to account for the affection of the Norman for the tree of his country.

IRISH NATURALS.

In the last (the 10th) part of Mr and Mrs Hall's "Ireland," there are some interesting notices of the class of wandering idiots of that country. From Mrs Hall's description (for it is evidently hers), we would suppose the Irish to be considerably like our Scottish naturals, of whom Scott's *Davie Gellatley* is a kind of type; but yet they wear their madness with a difference, and this difference is a peculiar tinge of Hibernianism. It is curious to see the peculiarities of national character affecting minds imperfect and deranged.

"One might imagine that the Irish, like the Turks, believe insanity to be inspiration, judging from the tenderness and care they evince towards the poor wandering idiots, who rarely provoke a harsh word or an unkind expression from the peasantry, by whom they are poetically termed 'innocents,' or 'naturals.' Although sometimes mischievous, and always troublesome, they are fed and sheltered by the cabin-keeper with ready and unchanging cheerfulness."

"Surely," we once observed to a poor woman, from whom one of the class had purloined half a loaf, which she could ill spare—"surely you will have reason to rejoice when the new poor-law takes these afflicted creatures off your hands." "Well," she replied, "Billy is mighty teasing, and that's the thruth, and a shocking thief; but, God help him, he has no better sense; and somehow, I don't know how it is, but we'll be mighty lonesome without the likes of him. Poor Billy! it will be mortal hard to shut him up in stone walls, the crayther; they're poor *innocents*, and nothing worse—it would be well for us if we war the same."

To relate a few anecdotes of the class will, perhaps, be the best way to describe it.

"Larry of Leixlip" was a generous fool; he never met a stranger without bestowing something; a wild flower, a bit of straw, even a stone, he would present rather than offer nothing. He would watch the birds' nests until the young were nearly fledged, and then give them away. Larry was not remarkably honest; for he robbed "Peter to pay Paul." He was fond of the curate of the parish to which his rambles were generally confined; and one morning tapping gaily at the window where the young man was at breakfast, he said he had got something for him. When the window was opened—"Ah! ah!" said Larry; "ah! ah! I've got a present—guess at it." "An egg?" "No—better than that." "Some white sloe?" "No—better than that." "Tell me what it is." "Ah! ah! you love Larry, Larry loves you. Ah! ah! why should he have a wig

and you have none ! Ah ! ah ! he don't love Larry ; you do ; I brought you the minister's Sunday wig. Ah ! I watched where it hung upon a peg, and I took it last night ! And placing it over the young man's abundant hair, he danced and shouted with joy.

We knew one poor fellow, called Preaching Dennis, who incessantly cried out from morning till night, 'What you see wrong in others, mend in yourself—what you see wrong in others, mend in yourself.' Another, a woman, who never spoke until sunset, though she would mutter and 'mow,' yet never did she utter a distinct sentence until the sun went down, and then she would moan out, 'Beauty fades, death comes—beauty fades, death comes ; a sermon in a sentence, and one to which her faded features and fine yet lustreless eyes gave much effect.

Thinking of these poor creatures, so seemingly mindless, and yet at times so full of keenness and susceptibility, brings to our remembrance a woman who wandered frequently along the sea-shore, but whose visits were certain to take place after twilight, immediately before a storm. The people called her by a very poetic Irish name, which signified 'the storm-bird.' The old farm-steward would shelter the lambs, and look to the barns, whenever this lonely woman was seen at evening to take her way to the cliffs, well knowing that a tempest was at hand ; and no fisherman would launch his boat upon the waters if he caught sight of the flutter of her red cloak at the corner of a rock. She looked a broken-hearted, wretched creature, until excited by the howling winds and the sight of the dancing billows ; then she became like one possessed by the very spirit of the storm. She would shout, clasp her hands, dare the waves to advance, and address them as a queen might her subjects ; fling back with expressions of scorn the stones they rolled upon the beach ; and with a huge branch of what children call mermaid's ribands in her hand, wave defiance to the sea and clouds. No one cared to approach 'the storm-bird' in these moments of frenzy ; indeed, they rather avoided her at all times ; but this did not prevent their leaving food, the only food they had, potatoes, or a few slices of 'griddle bread,' where she could easily find it. The dwellers by the sea-side are always prone to give a romantic reading to every thing ; and the story ran that this poor woman's sweetheart was drowned at sea, and that her mind could not support his loss. We confess, we felt as if a terror had been removed from the country when we knew she had been buried in the old churchyard—meet resting-place for her troubled spirit, for there the sea-storm roars loudly, and the wild gulls skim the cliff upon which the ruins stand.

'Reddy the Rhymers' is another of our reminiscences. Some said that Reddy was a knave—an idle knave—who, loving play better than work, and having a moderate stock of scholarship, set up as 'a fool' finding folly both more pleasant and more profitable than wisdom. Certainly, Reddy was intensely idle ; if he had made good his quarters for the day in a gentleman's kitchen, nothing could induce him to leave it ; he would rhyme you for ten minutes together—

'The fire is bright,
And all is right,
And Reddy the Rhymers
Will stay all night.'

His facility at doggerel was very extraordinary ; but he was not always 'i' the vein,' and could not endure to be forced to what at other times seemed to be his greatest pleasure. The fellow was sarcastic, too, and particularly severe upon rustic dandyism, so that the young men were afraid of his severity ; but his readiness and smartness made him a great favourite among the village belles. During the hay-making season he was sure to be found sleeping amid the hay. The sun, he would declare, was man's best friend, and he loved it too well to do any thing when it shone. His wants were few, and he would never beg, but take any thing he wanted without ceremony. He had a most melodious voice, and sung some Irish airs deliciously, but never finished a song ; his memory, as it were, only carrying him to a certain point, and then leaving him abruptly. Music possessed more power over him than any thing else, and a plaintive air would cause tears to chase each other down his most un-sentimental countenance. The young people often 'quizzed' him on matrimonial subjects, and inquired when he intended to be married : to this Reddy's reply was invariably the same—'Wife—strife !—a long pause between the words being filled up by an ominous shake of the head.

In Clonmel we encountered another of the 'rhyming class,' a man who goes by the name of 'Easy things are best.' John Healy, or, as he spells it, 'Haly' (for he says 'e' is a superfluous vowel), is a native of the county Kildare, but has long been located in Tipperary. He is now turned of sixty, or, as he himself expresses it, 'something about the years of threescore and one.' He gives the following account of himself :—'My father was a gentleman ; but I was deprived of my property because the neighbours considered me a fool, though I don't see any sign of a fool about me.' He subsists partly on charity, and partly by going on confidential errands, in which he invariably proves faithful and satisfactory. He is a quiet and inoffensive creature, remarkably sober, and full of harmless humour and endless rhymes, which he sets off with a very rich lip. He mends his own clothes, and endeavours to keep himself clean and well clad—always in the same costume, namely, 'a blue coat for Eng-

land, a plaid waistcoat for Scotland, and a green trousers for Ireland.' Whenever he wants charity from any one, he accosts him thus—'Mr —

'Of all the pictures going, I do say
The picture of the money takes the sway.'

Or thus—

'What stands for a hundred,
And the name of a tree,
Will spell you a thing
That's most useful to me.'

On receiving any thing, he will say, 'Mr —, I hope and trust you don't account me a troublesome beggar ; this is the 14th of such a month, and mind you're not to give me any thing till this day month again. Good morning, sir, and remember—easy things are best !'

Many of the old families encourage the presence of one of these half-demented creatures, who attach themselves to their patrons with a sort of animal instinct but an incorruptible fidelity. They are usually valuable assistants to the huntsman, know the fox-earths, and pick up the birds in the shooting-season—watch over the 'young heir' with the deepest anxiety, and cater for the sports of the younger children—eat up the leavings of the servant's table, and sleep in the hay-loft—indeed, all of the class dislike the restraint of a bed, to which they attach an idea of confinement, and prefer nestling in hay or straw to any thing else. Some of the resident gentry tolerate rather than encourage them ; while others sanction their attendance as a matter of course—an appendage to their dwelling that could not be dispensed with."

BOTANICAL PERIODICALS.

MRS LOUDON'S LADY'S MAGAZINE OF GARDENING.

THIS is a remarkably elegant monthly periodical, commenced with the present year, and published at one and sixpence a number,* each of which contains a beautiful coloured plate of some floral favourite, with an abundance of wood-engravings to illustrate minor matters. The well-known talents of the editor ensure excellence to the letterpress department. We find in the April number, from her pen, an account of gold-fish, from which it appears that these creatures—a species of carp (*cypinus auratus*)—are of an almost endless number of varieties, the distinctions being sometimes in their colour, and sometimes in the fins, tail, and other parts of the structure. They were first brought from their native country, China, to the Cape of Good Hope, by the Dutch, about 1611, but were not introduced into France and England for a century more. They are now imported to us from Portugal, where they are bred in vast numbers. The French also rear them extensively in the Mauritius, and use them there as a common article for the table.

"Though the gold-fish," says Mrs Loudon, "is a native of a very hot part of China, and though it appears to enjoy the heat of a pine-stove or orichidous house in England, yet it possesses the power of resisting a great degree of cold. Some years since, Professor Host, a well-known naturalist in Vienna, chanced to leave a glass globe containing a gold-fish in the window of a room without a fire, during one of the coldest nights of a very severe winter. In the morning he recollected his poor fish, and examining the glass, he found the water frozen apparently quite hard, and the fish fixed immovably in the centre. Supposing the fish to be dead, he left it in the ice ; but as it was extremely beautiful, he took a friend to look at it in the course of the day, when, to his great surprise, he found that the water had thawed naturally, from the room becoming warm by the sun, and that the fish was quite lively, and swimming about as though nothing had happened. The friend of M. Host was so much struck with this remarkable occurrence, that he tried a similar experiment ; but bringing his frozen fish to the stove to hasten its revival, the fish died.

Gold-fish live a very long time. A few years since there were some in a large marble basin belonging to the Alcazar of Seville, which were known to have been there more than sixty years, and which are probably still existing, as they then showed no signs of old age. They were, indeed, particularly active, though larger than usual, and of the most vivid colours. It was, however, remarkable that they were all of nearly the same size ; and this is generally the case with all gold-fish kept in clear water, as they never breed in such situations. It has also been remarked, that gold-fish kept in glass seldom increase in size, particularly if the vase or globe in which they are kept be small. A curious experiment to ascertain the truth of this remark was tried some years ago in Paris. Two or three fishes a year old, which measured two inches long, were put into a glass globe exactly one foot in diameter. The water was changed every second day in summer, and every week in winter, as is usually done with gold-fish kept in glass vessels, and they were occasionally fed with crumbs of bread ; but in eleven years they had not increased one line in length. They were then taken out of the globe, and thrown into a pond in the garden, where there were no other gold-fish ; and when this pond was drained at the end of ten months, the gold-fish were found to have increased in length, one about four inches, and the other nearly five.

It has been before remarked, that gold-fish never breed in clear water ; and it has been observed that

when they do breed, the young conceal themselves among the roots of plants, in inequalities of banks, or among the faggots which may have been put in for them. A lady who happened to pull up an aquatic plant, which had grown on the bank of a pond in which there were some gold-fish, was quite astonished to find the roots appear alive ; and on examining them, she discovered the movement to be occasioned by a great number of little dark-brown fishes which were sticking to the roots. These little fishes were the fry of the gold carp, which are taught by instinct to conceal themselves from the old fish till the golden hue begins to appear on their sides, which it does when they are about an inch long. It is said that the gold carp devour the fry of other fish, and also their own, if they see them before the golden blotches appear.

When it is wished to breed gold-fish in clear water in a tank or basin, a few faggots should be thrown into the water ; or a sloping bank of gravel should be raised in the tank, the upper part of which is near the surface of the water. This will afford at once a situation for the old fish to deposit their spawn, and a shelter for the young fry. Some persons, when the spawn has been deposited on a fagot, remove the wood to another tank to rear the young ; but they always do better, and grow faster, when bred in a pond with an earthy bottom, and in which plants grow naturally.

In keeping gold-fish in ponds, no care is requisite but that of sprinkling a few crumbs of bread occasionally on the surface of the water, to feed them ; but when they are kept in any small vessel, the water should be changed regularly, not only for the sake of cleanliness, but because the fish will have exhausted the water of the animalculæ, which serve them as food. The usual rule is to change the water in glass globes or vases every second day in summer, and every week in winter."

We have heard that it is also necessary to be careful in keeping gold-fish in a glass globe, that the water is not filled up beyond the widest part of the vessel, as a small surface being presented to the air is unfavourable to them.

THE FLORIST'S JOURNAL.

This is a cheaper monthly magazine for the floriculturists,* being only sixpence a number, though each of these, in addition to a sheet and a half of letter-press, contains a very tolerable coloured engraving. Not being only floriculturists, the accidental perusal of a few numbers of this work and of that above described, conveys to us the idea that, amongst all the worlds which constitute our society, there is one we had not dreamt of—the floricultural world. This world consists of a great number of individuals scattered throughout the country, who, judging from what is here revealed to us, waste not a thought upon politics, general literature, or any other of the conspicuous objects of the spare energy of the public, but concentrate their whole minds upon pansies and tulips, calceolaria and ranunculus ; have no ambition but to get a prize at a flower-show ; and regard Mr Lindley, Mr Loudon, Professor Don, Sir William Hooker, and a few others of the same order, as not only the greatest men in the world, but the only men worthy of being for a moment spoken of. The *Florist's Journal* adds to practical matter occasional articles of a scientific or philosophical nature, the composition of the ingenious and well-informed editor, Mr Robert Mudie.

We learn from a paper by Mr Hennchman of Edmonton, that the pansy has been making "rapid progress towards perfection within the last ten years." Yet, "a great deal remains to be done, ere we dare to hope to see pansy which in every point will bear the scrutiny of a thorough judge." "So many concurrent circumstances," says Mr Hennchman, "are requisite to a perfect pansy, that, in my opinion, all which have yet presented themselves are more or less defective." Alas for this unfortunate little flower ! A few years ago it was a modest wilding, quite happy in its woodland nooks, though few came to look and still fewer to admire. But since then, like a simple country girl transplanted into fashionable life, it has been forced in gardens to put on new appearances the most unnatural to it, particularly with respect to the length of the various petals, which it must now contrive to make equal, or there is no life for it. Hear what Mr Hennchman prescribes as "the first and most important quality." "Its shape," he says, "is perfect, when a pencil drawn round the outer edges of the petals would describe, on a sheet of paper, a perfect circle." Could any thing be more unreasonable ? Nature has expressly said—Four petals squarewise and one below. But the floriculturists say, No, no—let all radiate fairly out. Nature says, The flower, looked in the face, should have a horned appearance. But the floriculturists hold such appearances in abomination, and call for the perfect circle. To get this circle accomplished is the principal work of many rational human beings from one year's end to another. Societies, meetings, competitions, prizes, work towards the same end ; and he who comes nearest the "perfect circle" is celebrated like the winner of the St Leger—within his own world. "The second desideratum," says our author, "is a due proportion between the several petals. Not unfrequently the shape of a pansy may be tolerably circular, while, nevertheless [here comes in the deplorable point], the lower petal or lip, or even the

* Smith, Fleet Street.

* How and Parsons, Fleet Street.

upper petals, are disproportionately small or large. Let it ever be borne in mind," adds Mr H., with a solemnity which he no doubt thinks suited to the occasion, though it only appears to us a cruel mockery of the poor pansy, "that, in the lower petal, a depth and width proportionate to the back and centre petals, are essential to perfection." To be of good size he thinks important to the flower, just as it is better for a man to be handsome with a goodly stature than on a small scale. As to colour, "much depends on taste." He is "quite of opinion that uniformity of ground colour is highly desirable, although seldom attained. An equal distribution of colour is also much to be desired; and many a variety is comparatively of little value, because there is not a sufficiency of colour in the centre and lower petals to correspond with the richness of the upper petals: this imparts an appearance of poverty to the flower, which detracts greatly from its merit." Such are but a few of the exigencies of those who have taken it upon them to torture this poor little flower into splendour.

The *Florist's Journal* is a good pennyworth, and we should suppose it likely to become a favourite monthly treat to the class of persons above described.

PAXTON'S MAGAZINE OF BOTANY, AND REGISTER OF FLOWERING PLANTS.

This is a more ambitious work than either of the former two. Each number, containing a sheet and a half, with four resplendent coloured prints, and wood-engravings wherever necessary, is half a crown. It has been conducted nearly eight years,* with eminent success, by the principal gardener to the Duke of Devonshire, a prince amongst flower-cultivators. The literary contents appear to us much like those of the other two works. We are not to expect much that can be considered as possessing a general interest; yet we have lighted upon a few speculations on a point in vegetable physiology, which have fixed our attention. Mr Main, a well-known writer on this subject, has endeavoured to enforce the old doctrine, that the whole parts of a plant are in a rudimentary state in the seed, and that the absorption of food and elaboration of juices are processes of nutrition only. That fluids, he says, whether aqueous or gaseous, however gross, can be changed into organic structure, or even into a single cell of that structure, is beyond the powers of his comprehension. His theory is, that the *cambium*, or white belt, between the bark and alburnum on the outsides of trees, is the seat of the vital principle in them; and that, being composed of an infinite number of concentric layers, it gives off two of these annually to become additions to the thickness of the tree, and also contains within itself the rudiments of branched and of buds, thus being, indeed, the source from which every thing of the nature of growth in the tree takes its rise.

The magazine-writer requests his readers to compare these ideas with the facts which he is to adduce, in proof that organisation may be effected in prepared nutritive fluids. He then proceeds employing, in the first place, the language of an able writer in the *Penny Cyclopædia*:—"If a living egg be exposed to a degree of heat equal to the temperature at which the egg is maintained during incubation, certain motions or actions are observed spontaneously to arise in it, which terminate in the development of a chick. An analogous process takes place in the blood: if it be effused from its vessels in the living body, either upon the surfaces of organs, or into cavities, it solidifies without losing its vitality. This is not the same process as the coagulation of blood out of the body; it is a vital process indispensable to the action, and completely under the control of the vital principle. If blood, thus solidified within the body, be examined some time after it has changed from the fluid to the solid state, the solid is found to abound with blood-vessels. Some of these vessels can be distinctly traced passing from the surrounding living parts into the mass of the solidified blood; with others of these vessels, no communication whatever can be traced. A clot of blood surrounded by living parts becomes organised—no dead substance thus surrounded by living parts becomes organised; the inference is, that the blood itself is alive."

But blood coagulates when drawn from the living body, and separates into two distinct portions. 'In three minutes and a half, the change is sufficiently advanced to be manifest to the eye; in seven minutes, the fluid is separated from the solid portion, while the change progressively advances, until, in the space of from twelve to twenty minutes, the separation may be said to be complete. The nature of this curious process is imperfectly understood; it is a process sui generis, there being no other with which we are acquainted perfectly analogous to it. It is really a process of death: it is the mode in which blood dies!'

Analogy exists, therefore, between the *animal blood* and that *fluid* which Mr Knight termed the prepared blood of the living plant, in so far as both are nutritive and living fluids. Then, if blood be capable of organisation, why may not the vital *cambium* also become organised? But the new theory assumes that it is the seat of life and of organisation; though it admits that not a trace of any thing beyond a colourless homogeneous mass, appears in the first stage of its existence. Herein, however, we perceive no difficulty; for not the slightest trace of organisation can

be detected in the white of an egg prior to incubation; yet certain it is, that, without access of any nutritive fluid from without, the yolk and white become organised under the stimulus of vital heat alone.

The principle of life resists putrefaction or decay; chemical energy cannot act upon it, nor upon any living body, unless it first destroy the vitality of that body. Now, the sap, be the degree of atmospheric heat what it may, never runs into fermentation while the life of the plant which it sustains is preserved; the yolk of the egg undergoes no degree of putrefaction under the high temperature communicated by the breast of the sitting hen; the blood, whether it be fluid or solidified within the living body, does not undergo decomposition. It is just, therefore, to infer, that each of these supporters of life and increase is itself alive, and endowed with a quality which fits it to become organised."

STRAY CHAPTERS FROM MY JOURNALS.

BY CAPTAIN BASIL HALL, R.N., F.R.S.

THE CONE.

I HAD not slept an hour before a sensation of sickness obliged me to rise. Wrapping my cloak about me, I went into the open air, under an impression that the closeness of the tent might have made me unwell, for I had never heard before that this was a very common effect of ascending to great altitudes. I presume this sickness would not befall one who made the ascent in a gradual manner; but we had changed the atmospheric pressure almost as rapidly, though in the opposite sense, as we had done a couple of weeks before in the diving-bell at Plymouth Sound. Had we taken down a barometer with us to the bottom of the sea, the mercury would have risen nearly to sixty inches, had the tube and scale been made sufficiently long, and would thus have indicated a pressure of two atmospheres; while, in our present situation, nearly ten thousand feet above the sea-level, it stood considerably below twenty, the difference being more than forty inches. It is certainly to be expected, that some effect should be produced on the animal system by such transitions; and it will be seen, by and by, how they worked upon ours.

On stepping out of the tent, in hopes of relief from the fresh air, I came at once into the presence of a scene, I think upon the whole more strange and beautiful than any I had seen before or have beheld since. It was the very personification of solitude. Not a breath of wind was stirring, and the sky, of an intensely rich, vivid blue, approaching, in some places, to green, was not only free from clouds, but seemed entirely cleared even of the least vestige of haze, so that the whole space, from the very edge of the horizon to the zenith, was appropriated by the moon and stars alone, shining and sparkling with a sort of busy, joyous lustre. The clouds lay in still repose far below—perhaps a mile perpendicularly—and where they formed an irregular plain, finely variegated with light and shade, due to the inequalities of the surface. The horizon could just be traced at the utmost verge of the clouds, at the distance of more than hundred miles. No sound was heard of any kind—not the chirp of a grasshopper, nor the twitter of a bird—not even the buzz of a fly—all was one dead, deep silence, such as I may almost say I never heard before. This total absence of sound rested painfully, or perhaps I should say strangely, on the ear. Having turned the corner of the rocks, behind which my companions were asleep, I felt quite alone in this silent scene; my situation seemed nearly as solitary as that of Byron's Manfred among the glaciers of the Jungfrau. The solemnity of the scene was augmented, I think, by the broad shadows cast by the lofty and ragged edges of the numberless streams of lava, which, piled confusedly one upon top of another, formed the sides of this most savage-looking valley. The experience of the previous day had taught us that, even in broad daylight, no reliance could be placed upon our estimates, either of the distance or of the magnitude of the objects in this gigantic region; so that, in the night season, in spite of the unwanted splendour of the full moon, there reigned a tenfold mystery over the whole extraordinary landscape, which became almost painful to the senses. But the mountain-sickness, as it may be called, like sea-sickness, is an overmatch for the picturesque, and I was fain to lie down again, in hopes of some relief. I was so thoroughly fatigued, that I soon dropped asleep, in the imaginary act of composing a letter to a distant friend, describing the whole scene. Somewhat before the hour appointed, the guides called us up, and we leaped on our feet quite refreshed, and full of new spirits for the remainder of the ascent. My illness was now quite gone; but I was surprised to find that another of the company had experienced the same sensations, and even now, in the open air, required to ply his lungs very quickly in order to obtain a sufficiency of the breath of life. Science has since explained to us very clearly how this should be a natural occurrence. If a given portion of atmospheric air, estimated by its weight, contain the requisite quantum of the vital principle, oxygen, it is clear that when the same quantity of air is rarefied till it occupies twice the volume it did before, it must be necessary to pump into the system twice the allowance, by measure, to produce the same effect. In other words, we require to breathe twice as fast to keep up the same stock of life.

At length we set out, after first having had a little

skirmish with one of our guides, who, having of course no curiosity for what was familiar to him, seemed determined to ascend no farther, but wait very snugly at the Estancia till our return. It was not till I had put on a quarterdeck tone, and, in addition to a somewhat stern command, avowed my resolution to give him no pay if he stayed, that he at length shouldered the sextant and other articles which it was his duty to carry, and proceeded with us on our journey. Just as we were setting out, we had the good fortune to see the planet Venus rise. At any time and place this most beautiful of all the stars claims a sort of adoration from astronomers; but she derived great additional charms from the peculiar circumstances in which she now rose from the sea. Generally speaking, the light of Venus, resplendent though it be, does not precede her much. On this occasion, however, such was the clearness of the air, we became aware of her approach a considerable time before her disk appeared in the horizon. As she burst upon our sight, Milton's famous lines naturally recurred to our thoughts, and we exclaimed with him—

"Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east."

Our road lay at first along a steep face of ashes and pumice gravel, so loosely held together, that it yielded to the foot at every step. This was tiresome work. The next district, called in Spanish the *Mal País*, or rugged land, proved incomparably more agreeable to walk over. Nothing, indeed, could be more completely rugged than it was, being in fact the hardened crust of a stream of lava shattered into millions of pieces, and so irregularly disposed as to form a surface as rough as that of a glacier. In fact, if we leave colour out of the question, there is often a great similarity between the appearance of these streams of lava at Teneriffe and those slow-moving, monstrous masses of ice which traverse the sides of the Swiss mountains. Many of the lava streams are also cut across by fissures, very like the well-known *crevasses* or rents of the Mer de Glace, near Chamouny.

We pushed on very hard, in order to see the sun rise from the top of the Peak; but this we soon found to be impossible. Indeed, before we attained to a position about a thousand feet perpendicular above our resting-place, the horizon began to give some magnificent indications of what was about to happen. The light streamed upwards, and spreading to the right and left along the eastern sky, gave the whole of that quarter of the heavens a brilliancy of colouring much beyond what I had ever seen in any other climate or situation; and I remember saying to myself at the time, that I had acquired by that one spectacle a new sense—a new kind of power of judging of such things—a scale, as it were, for measuring the sublime and beautiful in nature, the lines of which must be graduated by actual experience, for by no other means can such knowledge be imparted either to the senses or to the imagination.

The principal object of our admiration, on the occasion of this memorable sunrise, was the uncommon vividness of the colour spread over the sky in vast semicircles, concentric with the great source of light. These varied in their position and in their tints as the sun approached the horizon. The colours, however, were certainly neither so bright nor so distinctly marked as those of the rainbow; and they were more intermingled. But their extent was much greater; and the arrangement of the colouring among the bolts was, I think, even more harmonious and pleasing. Besides these vast zones of coloured light, we could distinguish many streaks, or straight rays of nearly equal splendour, reaching almost to the zenith, long before the sun rose. I am not aware why the sunrise observed from the height of ten or twelve thousand feet should be more splendid than the same phenomenon viewed from below, except that, from the eye being raised far above the denser strata of the atmosphere, we observe not only the sun's disk, but the reflection of his light both from the clouds and from the sky where there are no clouds, without any of that loss of brilliancy which, when we are low down, the rays must suffer in their passage through the hazy medium of the inferior strata of air. Humboldt ascribes the remarkable clearness of the atmosphere at Teneriffe, partly to the dryness of the African air, and partly to the proximity of the island to the torrid zone.* Twilight lasts but a short time in so low a latitude as 28 degrees; and no sooner had the sun peeped above the horizon, than all the gorgeous parade by which he had been preceded was shaken off, and he came in upon us in the most abrupt and unceremonious way imaginable. Nor was it possible to look at him for more than a moment. Even the first little piece of his edge, the merest clipping or segment of his disk, became at once so intensely bright, that we were obliged to turn our eyes away from it immediately. The heat of the sun's rays, also, contrary to what we had been led to expect, rose to a considerable height shortly after he appeared.

The guides, who had not an atom of sympathy with our raptures, vehemently urged us to advance. In

* I may mention here, once for all, that any one taking an interest in this "colossal pyramid," will find a copious fund of information on almost every subject connected with the phenomena of volcanic mountains, in Humboldt's Personal Narrative, vol. i. Indeed, it is very apparent throughout all his works, that no other spot has equal attractions in his eyes, with this his first love. His account of Teneriffe may be truly said to be written con amore.

this respect, their practice differs materially from that of the guides of Switzerland, whose chief care is to prevent travellers from going too fast, and who are, therefore, constantly reminding their employers, that if they wish to arrive at the top soon, they ought to proceed as if they did not wish ever to reach their journey's end. The advice of the Switzers is sound, and most persons would be the more disposed to follow it, if they considered the nature of a hill journey. The perpendicular height of the summit of the Peak is only 12,208 feet, which space, if marked out on level ground, might easily be walked over in less than an hour. Even the length of the way along this mountain, from its base to its top, is little more than ten miles. It is clear, then, that it is not the actual length of the way that we have to contend with, so much as the vertical lift—the mechanical operation of raising up our own weight so many thousand feet, by the animal effort of the muscles of the body. Hence we should not judge of progress on such a journey by ordinary rules, but be content to hoist ourselves up at such a pace as our strength may render easily practicable, and not too rapidly fatiguing.

In two hours from the time we started, we had crossed the Mal Pays, and reached the base of the cone, or *piton*, as it is called—the ultimate Peak of the "unextinct" volcano of Teneriffe. This word, which, so far as I know, was first used by Humboldt, is highly expressive of the actual condition of the region in question. The volcano is not in action, that is quite clear, neither is it extinct, for there are still some traces of heat, of smoke, and of fumes : the word unextinct, therefore, very neatly describes its actual state. The height of this sugar-loaf of loose materials, is 537 feet above a little plain called La Rambleta, which is 11,640 feet above the sea, or somewhat more than the height of Mount Etna. This plain is quite diminutive when compared to that called the Llano de Retamos, which stands at about nine thousand feet above the sea, or on a level with the city of Quito and the top of Mount Lebanon.* The sides of the piton are inclined at an angle of nearly 40 degrees with the horizon, a degree of steepness which is very difficult of ascent, even on the hands and knees, and is rather frightful to come down. To ride up or down it, on any kind of animal, would be impossible. There occurs every where a singular deception as to these angles of inclination ; and it is not possible to suppose, on looking down the sides of the piton, for example, that the inclination can be less than 60 degrees with the horizon, and yet Humboldt assures us that 42 degrees of inclination is the steepest slope that can be climbed on foot in a ground that is either sandy, or covered with volcanic ashes ; and that an inclination with the horizon of 55 degrees becomes quite inaccessible. I may mention that a deception somewhat analogous exists with respect to the altitude of the stars and other celestial bodies, above the horizon. No amount of practice in taking altitudes ever accustoms a navigator to reckon fully the angular height of a star. If it be 50 degrees, he is apt to call it 60 degrees, and so on. And in like manner, a constellation, such as the Great Bear, for instance, appears to occupy a much larger angular space in the heavens when below the pole, and near the horizon, than when above it, and near the zenith. In short, the angle of elevation above the horizon, either of a sloping ground or of a celestial body, is liable to a constant error, always in the same direction ; and even the longest experience appears to be unequal to the removal of this optical deception.

We clambered up the cone as well as we might, taking care at every step to thrust our feet into the loose soil, which, by the way, is not well described as consisting of ashes. It may be called very large gravel, or rather shingle, the pieces of which vary from the size of a man's thumb to that of his hand ; and at some places are found ten times as large. After we had toiled up for about half the distance, we were greatly rejoiced to come upon a more substantial path, lying along the ridge of a dyke or vein of lava, cutting right across the cone. Upon this we found firm footing ; but we employed our hands likewise, which, as the inclination was great, we could do without stooping much ; and at half-past six o'clock we reached the very top of the Peak, all very happy at the final attainment of our long-cherished hopes.

The summit of the Peak of Teneriffe is (or was in 1820) not three feet across, being in fact the upper edge of a cliff or volcanic wall running round the lips of an enormous crater, the brim of which is not horizontal like that of a bowl placed on level ground, but is directed, I think, to the south, with a considerable tilt, or inclination of the cup. So sharp, indeed, was the extreme top of the peak, that not more than one person could stand upon it at a time.

I shall not be charged with exaggeration, when I say that my pulse beat quicker, and that I felt my cheek flushed with surprise and satisfaction, when I found myself at length standing on the spot, which, from the earliest hour that I can recollect, I had never ceased most ardently to desire that I might reach. The horizon, being at the distance of about 140 statute miles, could scarcely be distinguished as a line. We continued to have the clouds stretched out more than a mile in perpendicular depth below us, exactly like a level country covered with snow. The sea could be discovered at those places only where there hap-

pened to occur openings in the horizontal bed of clouds ; and when viewed from so great an elevation, it appeared like a polished, unmoving surface of metal. Through one of these holes in the clouds we caught a glimpse of the coast of the island we were on, near Port Oratava, delicately fringed with a snow-white frost-work of noiseless and apparently motionless surf. The trade-wind had died away to a calm—at least so it seemed to us—for the sea looked every where perfectly unruffled—a deception caused probably by our distance above the waves.

The most striking example of this inversion of the usual order of things, occurred in the view we obtained of the Island of Gomera, one of the Canary group, lying to the south-westward of Teneriffe, which we saw distinctly very nearly all round, through an opening in the clouds. Such a thing was to be expected, it may be said. Still, as we had not looked for it, we felt surprised and interested accordingly. We had often seen the tops of high islands, like that of Gomera, above the clouds, or we looked up to them through such openings ; but it seemed amazingly curious actually to look down upon high islands, and to be able to observe the sea beating all round them. The sight, indeed, was so very odd, that it required some little time and a good deal of attention before it could be distinctly understood, just as it occasionally requires a certain amount of time to adjust the focus of the eye to see an object distinctly, of which we have accidentally mistaken its distance. The mental focus, in short, requires its adjustments ; and it will often happen to travellers, in their contemplation of the manners and customs of countries different from their own, fully as much as in their views of foreign scenery, that the necessity of these arrangements, in the moral machinery of their observation, is either not admitted or not needed. The result is what we term prejudice or nationality. In any case, it is error. And, unfortunately, this result will often follow the steps even of the most honest and friendly observer, though fully conscious of the danger, and studious to avoid its disturbing effects.

I had not been above a quarter of an hour at the top of the Peak, when I became suddenly so desperately sea-sick, or hill-sick, that I was fain to lie flat down, and for a long time I was not able to move hand or foot—scarcely to speak. The lively, indeed almost feverish, interest I had taken in the stupendous scene, but a few minutes before, was altogether evaporated. I cared nothing about the Peak, nor the volcano, nor the clouds, nor the sea, nor the streams of lava which we could now distinguish radiating from us on every hand. All things great and small seemed to fade away. I felt totally careless of what happened to me, and lay on the rocks completely subdued and broken down.

My friend Captain Elliot, whose breathing had become quicker and quicker all the way up, and who was now, also, extremely unwell, looked like any thing rather than a man of high enterprise and adventure, standing on the summit of Teneriffe. Still he could look up, and talk a little, though, with all his powers as an artist, he tried in vain to sketch—not a line could he trace on the paper !

My other companion, Lieut. Robertson, being made of more cast-iron materials, was not in the smallest degree discomposed by the causes, whatever they were, which beat me to the earth, and made Captain Elliot gasp for breath like a dying cod-fish ; so far from it, that he was enabled to rig up the barometer, preparatory to making a series of observations for determining the height of the Peak. As something had gone wrong with the instrument, he was anxious to have my opinion as to the remedy. But when he brought it to me, he could not, by any contrivance, stir me up to take the slightest interest in his proceedings. In fact, I wished it, and him, and the Peak, and most of all myself, anywhere but where I was. I had not even a thought to spare as to how I was to get down again, but lay curled up in a corner of the rock, sighing and groaning most pitifully ! More than once the guides indulged in a hearty laugh at my distress, which I had just animation enough left to think and say to them was particularly brutal. But, after all, is not this just what most people do on board packets to their dearest friends when sea-sick ? And the explanation lies in the fact of both these illnesses being transient. This the guides knew, and spared their pity accordingly. I knew no such thing, and as I felt about as ill as I should have done had I been in a Dover steam-vessel, crossing the roughest and most stomach-disturbing passage I know in the whole world, I turned with horror from the breakfast which my companions wished to cram down my throat. Still they persevered, and I felt as if I could have tumbled them one and all, myself inclusive, over the edge of the crater ! I had scarcely, however, tasted the tip of a smoked tongue (I love to be particular), when—hey presto ! hocus-pocus—away went my sickness, and lassitude, and misery, and back rushed energy, and curiosity, and strength, and spirits. One morsel of food had fairly taken away all the evil ; and as I was not slow to enclench the cure by repeating the dose, the consul's well-stored provision-basket was soon greatly diminished in its weight. Unfortunately this experiment, which had succeeded so well in my case, failed entirely when applied to the other sufferer, who, in spite of cold tongue and good Madeira, remained gasping for air, and becoming so much worse at every moment, that we feared he would die on our hands.

I now turned to with my able assistant to make the observations we had projected. But as most of these failed—partly from accidental causes, partly from the insufficiency of the instruments, and partly from our own ignorance—it is needless to give our vexations a place here. The novelty of our situation may be understood in some measure by recollecting that, under ordinary circumstances at sea, our view is bounded by the horizon, which is distant only five or six miles when seen from the deck of a ship. On land, it is true, a view somewhat more extensive is afforded in consequence of the diversity of the ground, and by the occasional greater elevation of the eye. But in a plain, or in moderately high countries, we can seldom see beyond twenty or thirty miles ; and even amongst mountains, we consider fifty or sixty miles as a considerable range of view. From the top of Teneriffe, however, the horizon lies at the distance of nearly forty nautical leagues, or about one hundred and forty English statute miles. In this calculation, no allowance has been made for the effect of refraction, which, of course, by raising up the horizon, would extend the view, by bringing into sight a part of the earth's surface which otherwise the curvature of the globe would conceal. By the lowest estimate, therefore, the diameter of this circle is two hundred and ninety-six, or say three hundred miles long !

Humboldt mentions that the area seen from the top of Teneriffe, is equal in extent to one quarter of Spain.* By taking two degrees of latitude, or a hundred and twenty nautical miles, in a pair of compasses, it may be seen that the field of view from the Peak, includes a space as large as the whole surface of England and Wales. If one leg of the compasses be placed somewhere near Coventry, it will be found that the sweep made by the other leg does not include every part of the country ; but there is room enough, I think, in those parts of the circle occupied by sea, to insert such portions of land as fall beyond the circumference. Even without such coaxing and doctoring of this geographical experiment, it will be seen that Edinburgh, Dublin, and Gloucester, would come just on the verge of the field of view, if the spectator were perched on a peak as high as that of Teneriffe, raised somewhat to the westward of Lancaster. Still further to help the imagination, it may be stated that the diameter of this wonderful prospect is about the distance from London to Carlisle, or from London to the Land's End. Many other similar measurements may easily be made by any one to assist his conception of circumstances so much beyond ordinary experience.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

LINDLEY MURRAY.

MR LINDLEY MURRAY, whose name has become as intimately associated in modern times with the science of grammar as that of Priscian was of yore, first saw the light at Swetara, near Lancaster in Pennsylvania, in the year 1745. His father, who belonged to the Society of Friends, was a merchant of enterprising spirit, and acquired a considerable fortune in the West India trade. Lindley, the eldest of twelve children, was sent to a school in Philadelphia in his sixth year ; but, in consequence of his parents shifting their residence, he found himself, in 1753, at an academy in New York, where the family finally settled.

While yet a mere boy, Lindley was taken into the counting-house of his father, who was extremely anxious to make a merchant of him. But the youth had already contracted a strong taste for reading and literary improvement, and it was found very difficult to reconcile him to a mercantile life. At length, by the scheme of giving him a small stock of watches to trade with in person, his feelings were interested, and he began to like his occupation. An accident disturbed this portion of his career. His father, who had all the kindness, but at the same time all the strictness, of his sect, had laid down a rule, that, whenever Lindley wished to go out at night, he should ask leave. On one occasion, the youth was invited to the house of an uncle, and, his father being out of the way, he took the liberty of going, under the impression that the company would form his excuse. His father thought otherwise. It was enough that the rule had been broken ; and he next day took Lindley to a private room, and chastised him severely. The boy, then fourteen, could not brook this degradation ; and, having a little money of his own, he secretly left the paternal roof. The plan which he had formed shows a degree of prudence not usually accompanying such escapades. He had learned that a man of great abilities and learning conducted a seminary at a little town in the interior. Thither Lindley went, and fixed himself as a boarder, intending to learn the French tongue, and prosecute the other studies which he loved.

Another accident restored him ere long to the bosom of his family. A gentleman met him when on a little excursion, and, knowing him, intrusted to his charge a packet of some value for New York, whither he believed the boy was soon to return. This commission distressed the youth greatly ; and it is a strong proof of his honourable feelings, that he resolved to go in person to New York, to ensure the safe delivery of his charge. He accomplished this object, and had taken his place on board a packet to return, without having seen, or, as he thought, having been seen by any one who knew him. He was in

* Humboldt's Personal Narrative, vol. i. p. 20.

* Personal Narrative, vol. i. p. 196.

error, however; ere he could leave New York, his uncle came to him. The representation of his kind mother's distress softened the heart of the youth, and he went to see her. His father came into the room, spoke kindly to him, and a complete reconciliation took place. He left the paternal roof no more.

Finding his son decidedly bent towards a profession akin to literature, his father provided him with private tutor, and afterwards, on much opportunity being used, articled him to a lawyer of New York. In four years, he underwent his trials, and was licensed to practise as counsel and attorney. He began business with great success; and, at the age of twenty-two, found his circumstances so promising, that he was encouraged to unite himself to an amiable and beautiful young woman, the blessing of his whole future life. Within a short time after this event, it was found necessary for him to visit England, whether his father had gone some time before. The elder Mr Murray was infirm in health, and, finding the climate of England favourable, he sent for his whole family, including his son's wife, to join them. Forming many useful and agreeable acquaintances, Mr Lindley Murray remained in Britain up to the end of the year 1771. It is perhaps worth noticing, that ere he left England, he narrowly escaped a serious injury from rather an extraordinary cause. Visiting the elephants one day at Buckingham House, he chanced to remove with his cane a little straw which one of the animals was then collecting with his trunk. The keeper at the moment said that the animal was displeased, and would not forget the injury. Six weeks afterwards, Mr Murray went with another party to the same place, and, having forgot the previous little incident, chanced to go within reach of the same elephant's proboscis. Though thousands must have been there in the interval, the vindictive creature knew him at once, and suddenly threw out its trunk with such violence, that a fatal or at least serious injury must have resulted, had not Mr Murray observed the movement in time, and sprung out of the way.

On returning to New York, he resumed his practice as a lawyer. In this character he was noted for his uniform endeavours to effect a private arbitration or pacification, before professionally taking up any client's case. He made a respectable income at the bar, till the revolutionary war broke out. Court business was then brought to a stand, and Mr Murray retired with his family to a little country-house on Long Island. Here he continued, nursing his now feeble health, for a space of four years, when the necessity of attending to the permanent interests of his family led him to return to New York, and enter into mercantile pursuits. Backed by an unlimited credit from his father, he began the importation of merchandise on a large scale from Great Britain. A ready sale being found, cargo after cargo was brought over, until, about the close of the war, Mr Murray found himself in a condition to indulge his favourite wish of retiring with a moderate but comfortable independence.

The subject of our memoir took a beautiful house on the Hudson, at a short distance from New York; and here he fondly hoped to enjoy that lettered ease to which he had long looked forward. But his health became so precarious, that he was compelled to forego the pleasures of home, and to roam about from place to place, for a succession of years, in the vain hope of recovering that blessing without which all others are comparatively unavailing. At last, an eminent physician advised him to try the effect of a residence in England, and recommended the climate of Yorkshire as likely to suit his malady, the principal feature of which was a degree of muscular debility, so severe as frequently to take from him all power of motion. In the end of 1784, Mr Murray and his wife left New York, and arrived safely in Yorkshire. It was somewhat remarkable, that a little villa and property, called Holdgate, close by York, struck the fancy of the travellers so much as they passed along the road, that they stopped their carriage to admire it. Within a week or two afterwards, the owner, a navy officer, was appointed to a ship on a remote station, and Holdgate came into the market. Mr Murray became its possessor, and settled for life in Yorkshire. His income was not at any time very large, five or six hundred pounds a-year being the sum total of it; but this was a revenue which not only sufficed for its possessor's wants, but enabled him also to relieve the wants of many others of his less fortunate fellow-creatures.

We have now to consider Mr Murray in a new character, that of an author. His debility increasing so much at Holdgate that he became incapable of walking a single step, writing was the resource to which he turned for occupation and amusement. Having deeply felt the influence of religion in cheering and sustaining the mind under the most painful circumstances, he composed, in the first instance, a little treatise, entitled the *Power of Religion on the Mind*. He printed five hundred copies of this essay at York, and, seeking only to do good, distributed the whole among the people of that city and its vicinity. So much commendation was bestowed on this production, that he was induced to bring out a new edition in London, which sold rapidly. Several other impressions followed in different places; but it was not till the sixth edition appeared that the author put his name to the work, enlarging it at the same time.

In the course of his extensive reading, Mr Murray had been induced to examine critically the science of

grammar and principles of literary composition, and had formed peculiar opinions on the subject. Those who enjoyed his friendship were aware of this fact, and urged him to supply the British public with what was then a desideratum, a good grammar of the language. Finally, when a school for young ladies, in which Mr Murray took a deep interest, was established at York, he did enter on the proposed task, and shortly after produced his *English Grammar*, which soon superseded all others in the schools of England, and passed rapidly through numerous editions, receiving successive improvements from the author. Though he himself modestly termed it a compilation, the work admittedly contains many ingenious and original views. Its generally accurate and logical arrangement threw new light on the structure of our language; and, if much has been done in the same field, it must be allowed that Lindley Murray laid the foundation for the superstructure. In place, however, of ourselves attempting to characterise at length a work of such acknowledged value, we shall merely give the opinion of one of the greatest masters of elegant literary composition in his day. Among other commendatory remarks, Dr Blair, in a letter addressed to Mr Murray, says, "I am persuaded that yours is much the best grammar of the English language extant. On syntax, in particular, you have shown a wonderful degree of acuteness and precision. Were I only beginning my course, as I am now (in my eighty-third year) on the point of finishing it, I should have hoped to have been much benefited, in point of accuracy of style, by your instructions and examples."

The *English Grammar* first appeared in 1795. Pleased with the thought, that, infirm as he was, he could still be of use to his fellow-creatures, Mr Murray addressed himself to the production of other educational works, and his *English Exercises*, calculated to illustrate the Grammar, and accompanied by a Key, followed his first work in 1797. An *Abridgment of the Grammar*, for the use of minor schools, was then drawn up by him; and, at intervals afterwards, he published *The English Reader*, a series of selections from British authors, in three volumes, accompanied by an *Introduction* and a *Sequel*, the *Introduction au Lecteur François* (Introduction to the French Reader), and the *English Spelling-Book*, with a first *Book for Children*. These, exclusive of improved republications, and a *Selection from Horne on the Psalms*, were the principal works of Lindley Murray. Being, to say the least of it, decided improvements upon preceding works of the same kind, they soon came into universal use wherever the language of Britain was spoken. The author sold the copyrights to London publishers, and it may interest the reader to know, that he received for his labours, in all, the sum of £2500, £700 being the copyright of the Grammar alone. We would say that this was a respectable remuneration, yet it dwindles into comparative insignificance when we remember the immense sum which the publishing world, first and last, have realised through these works, in Britain, America, and elsewhere.

The author of these works was, during their composition, a helpless cripple, infirm in all but intellect; and it is in this point of view that it is most interesting to contemplate the character and career of Lindley Murray. His life was a protracted one; but long, long before its close, he was confined to his house, his chair, and his bed, suffering the while from stone and other painful disorders, in addition to his incurable muscular debility. The last time that he could take even carriage-exercise, was in the autumn of 1809, yet he survived this event nearly twenty years. Amid all this infirmity, though it might almost have justified indolence in any man, his mind was incessantly active, and he laboured, gratuitously it is to be observed, to render the successive republications of his works still more and more useful to the young. The tributes of respect which he received from all quarters of his native country, and of Britain, gratified him in his latter days; but he could see few of the distinguished visitors who called upon him. Those who were admitted to the presence of the invalid, were highly struck with his venerable and prepossessing aspect. In youth he had been of a tall and handsome figure, and his features were full of benevolence and animation. In some respects age only added to the attractive character of his appearance.

In a memoir of him, abridged for the pages of the Annual Obituary from a biographical work for which he himself left materials, we find an account of the habits of the subject of our notice, in his latter years, from which the following passages are extracts. "In the first place, he carefully avoided all habits of indolence, both with respect to body and mind. He generally rose about seven o'clock in the morning, but rather later in the depth of winter. When he was dressed, and seated in an arm-chair, which had casters, his wife rolled him with ease to the sofa, in his sitting-room; on which, after he gave up taking any exercise, he sat during the whole day. At meal times, the table was brought to him. At other times, a small stand, with a portable writing-desk on it, was generally before him. The papers and books which he was using, were

* Cobbett, who himself wrote an able English Grammar, took to pieces an advertisement of Lindley Murray, and certainly did succeed in showing that it was not elegantly expressed. But though the old English mastiff might tear a careless advertisement to scraps, he could not overthrow the solid principles of Murray's system of grammar.

laid on the sofa by his side; but they were usually removed before the entrance of any visitor, as he disliked the parade of literature. His wife sat on a chair close by his side, except when, through courtesy, she relinquished her seat to some friend or visitor with whom he wished particularly to converse. The room being rather narrow, the sofa was placed against the wall. Mr Murray never sat by the fire; but to avoid the draught from the doors and windows, he was obliged to sit nearly opposite; from the ill effects of which, he was guarded by a small screen between him and the fire. He attributed, in a great measure, the preservation of his sight to extreme old age, to his constantly avoiding the glare of fire and candles. When he read or wrote by candle-light, he used a shade candlestick.

His sitting-room was of a good size, and particularly pleasant, having a window at each end, the one with a south aspect, looked to the garden, the other to the turnpike road and to some fields, across one of which was pathway leading to the city of York. The trees and flowers in his garden, the passengers on the road and pathway, and the rural occupations in the fields, afforded a pleasing diversity of scene, cheering to his mind, and relieving to his eyes, when fatigued with composing, reading, or writing. An awning was placed in summer over the south window, to shade off the rays of the sun. Thus secured, and having a constant and almost imperceptible ventilation, occasioned by two large windows opposite each other, and also by two doors and the fire, the room was always sweet, fresh, and salubrious. A fire, even in summer, was constantly kept up through the whole day, which, as Mr Murray justly observed, tended to carry off the noxious particles of air; but the room, in the warmest weather, was considerably cooler and fresher than apartments usually are. Mr Murray could not bear a partial exposure to the air; therefore, he never sat with the doors or windows open. But in the morning, before he came into the room, it was completely ventilated by the opening of both windows for a short time, and thus a free current of air was admitted. His bedroom was also ventilated once or twice during the course of the day. So sensible was he of the pernicious effects of breathing vitiated air, that he never had the curtains of his bed drawn. As a further preventive from over-heating his sitting-room, he had two of Fahrenheit's thermometers; the one was placed at the outside of the north window, the other was hung in the room at a distance from the fire. The temperature of the room was usually from sixty-three to sixty-five degrees.

Mr Murray's bedroom was large; it had the same aspect, and was on the same floor as his sitting-room, and opened into it; and had also two windows, one at each end. But as the chimney could not be made to carry up the smoke, he was obliged in all his illnesses, when the weather was cold, to have a bed brought into his sitting-room; and in that room, very near the seat on which he had done so much good, he breathed his last." In his diet he was uniformly simple and moderate, and seldom tasted above half a glass of wine at any meal, or indeed in one day. He scarcely ever required medicine; and friction with the hand was the substitute which he adopted for exercise.

By attention to these points, Mr Murray, though deprived of exercise, and so infirm, attained to the venerable age of eighty-one, cheerful in mind, and possessed of all his faculties to the last. He died on the 16th of February 1826. In a partner through life, Mr Murray had been fortunate beyond most men, the fifty-eight years of his wedded life having been one uninterrupted course of connubial happiness. As a member of society, the subject of this memoir was much to be admired. His charities were extensive, and to all around him he was generous and friendly.

PEDESTRIAN TRAVELLING.

The wisest and happiest traveller is the pedestrian. If gentlemen and ladies want to see pictures, let them post to Florence, and be satisfied with learning what they can from the windows by the way. But if they want to see either scenery or people, let all who have strength and courage go on foot. I prefer this even to horseback. A horse is an anxiety and a trouble—something is sure to ail it; and one is more anxious about its accommodation than about one's own. The pedestrian traveller is wholly free from care. There is no such free man on earth as he is for the time; his amount of toil is usually within his own choice—in any civilised region. He can go on and stop when he likes; if a fit of indolence overtakes him, he can linger for a day or a week in any spot that pleases him. He is not whirled past a beautiful view almost before he has seen it. He is not tantalised by the idea, that from this or that point he could see something still finer, if he could but reach it. He can reach almost every point of his wishes wander to. The pleasure is indescribable of saying to one's self, "I will go there—I will rest yonder," and forthwith accomplishing it. He can sit on rock in the midst of a rushing stream as often in a day as he likes. He can hunt a waterfall by its sound—a sound which the carriage-wheels prevent other travellers from hearing. He can follow out any tempting glade in any wood. There is no cushion of moss at the foot of an old tree that he may not sit down on if he pleases. He can read for an hour without fear of passing by something unnoticed while his eyes are fixed upon his book. His food is welcome, be it qua-

lity what it may, while he eats it under the elders in some recess of a brook. He is secure of his sleep, he has chamber ever so sordid; and when his waking eyes rest upon his knapsack, his heart leaps with pleasure as he remembers where he is, and what a day is before him. Even the weather seems to be of less consequence to the pedestrian than to other travellers. A pedestrian journey presupposes an abundance of time, so that the traveler can rest in villages on rainy days, and in the shade of a wood during the hours when the sun is too powerful.—*Miss Martinet's Instructions for Travellers.*

THE GOOSE.

[In a series of letters from the coast of Clare, in Ireland, now publishing in the Dublin University Magazine, we find the following observations on the character of that much-abused animal, the goose.]

The geese here are fine birds; portly, broad-breasted, and seem to march about with more stately solemnity of gait than elsewhere. You must know I have a great respect for a goose, and always think it a grievous piece of detraction to make this discreet, sapient-looking animal the emblem of folly, as it is with us. The French are more well-judging in this matter; for their equivalent to our complimentary expression, "What a goose you are!" is, "Quel dinde tu es!" and certainly a turkey, with its silly helpless cry, is more suited to the meaning than the maligned goose. The latter estimable bird is truly worthy of respect. What can be more exemplary, for instance, than his conjugal and paternal virtues, very rare among the feathered lords of the creation in general! How tenderly he assists his lady wife in the arduous duty of bringing up a large family of goslings!—how fiercely he hisses at every foe—undaunted by pig, dog, horse, or formidable man himself; extending his watchful guardianship long after the waddling brood have passed their yellow unfledged state, even to that gawky, intermediate, hobbled-hoy age, so unbecoming in gosling or man.

Our classical reminiscences ought to make us ashamed to asperse the character and question the sagacity of the bird who saved the Capitol, and in whose honour the Romans of old kept an annual festival. Without, however, going so far back into the annals of antiquity to justify my regard for the goose tribe, I can adduce a modern instance to prove the attachment of which this bird is capable; and I think you will say it is as touching an instance of fidelity as is on record of any animal.

A young lad, whose family lived not far from ours, was in the habit of coming home for the holidays to his father's country place. Like all school-boys, he took a concern in every thing that was going on; and on one occasion watched with great interest the progress of a numerous family of goslings who had broken the shell a few weeks before his arrival. They were getting on most prosperously, and growing space, when all at once a diminution began to appear in their numbers. No disease had attacked them, and no vestige of the missing ones was ever found whereby the manner of their death could be ascertained. The little paddock into which, every morning, they were turned out for the day, was well secured, so that they could not be stolen, and altogether their disappearance was very mysterious. It went on, however, and night after night the parent birds marched up to the fowl-house at the head of a sadly diminished band of young ones.

They were almost all gone before the cause of the loss was discovered, and it was the young schoolboy before-mentioned who at last found it out. After much diligent searching, he perceived that the paddock was burrowed all over with numerous holes, concealed by the long tufted grass. In these holes rats lay in wait for the goslings as they passed, when they darted out upon their prey, and, seizing them by the leg, dragged them down into their subterranean retreats and devoured them.

One evening an extraordinary phenomenon presented itself to the eyes of the old woman who was the presiding genius of the poultry-yard. An unfortunate gosling, maimed, crippled, and covered with patches of bloody rag, came hobbling up after its mother. Like Lazarus, it was full of sores; but, unlike him, its wounds had been bound up and dressed by some friendly hand. That hand was the school-boy's. He had arrived at the paddock just at the moment that the poor bird was struggling in the grasp of a huge rat. Being strong, and nearly fledged, the gosling made a vigorous resistance; but by the time the lad came to the rescue, it had been bitten and wounded so severely, that it must soon have fallen a victim to its antagonist. The youth continued his care of the little animal until it recovered from the injuries, dressing the wounds with skill and tenderness every day. During his long attendance on his patient, a friendship sprang up between them, and the gosling might be seen lisping after him wherever he went. He departed for school, and on his return again, when the holidays came round, was joyfully recognised by his old acquaintance, who testified its delight as evidently as a dog might have done, and attached itself to the young gentleman as before.

Time passed on—the boy became a man, and the gosling a goose, but neither of them outlived their regard for each other. The grateful bird deserted her feathered companions as soon as her friend visited his paternal home, and followed his steps at an humble distance, whenever it was possible to do so. He was of studious habits, and used to pass much of his time reading in a summer-house in the garden. Here the poor goose would take up her position under a laurel tree, near the above, waiting patiently for hours until her friend came out with his books, when she would settle herself contentedly to rest, quite satisfied and happy that he was near. The servants and work-people always knew whether their young master was to be found in the summer-house, by seeing if the goose were at her post under the laurel tree.

How long this might have gone on is uncertain—geese are said to be long-livers. You know the story of the

old woman who was told they would live for a hundred years, and immediately went off and bought one, that she might ascertain whether it was true. In this case the longevity of our poor friend was not destined to be put to the test. The young man, her protector, was seized with a dangerous illness, and for some time his life was despaired of. He recovered, however, and the first day he was taken out into the open air, missing his favourite in her accustomed haunts, he inquired after her. He received an evasive reply. Day after day passed on, and the faithful bird appeared not to greet as usual her benefactor. He insisted at last on knowing what had become of her, and then the sad truth came out. The poor bird, it appeared, became restless and pining after he was taken ill, as though she knew something was wrong. Guided by some wonderful instinct, she made her way to his room, a corner of which she had occupied in a basket during the time he tended her wounds in his boyish days. The young man was raving wildly, his malady being then at its height; and the goose, hearing his well-known voice, crept under the bed, and established herself there. She was soon discovered, and dragged out from her hiding-place. The servants and nurses surrounded her, and all agreed that the illness of their young master was entirely owing to the unfortunate bird. "There was something *not good* about her," they whispered, with wise faces and shaking heads. "Who ever heard of a beast attacking herself that way to any Christian? and how could luck or grace come of it? Yes, it was surely 'unlucky'; and without the goose was killed at once, the master would never recover; all the doctors in Ireland couldn't save him."

And so they seized the poor bird, and dragging her away from the unconscious object of her love, sacrificed the faithful creature to their absurd and cruel superstition.

I can fancy the feelings of the young man when he heard the fate of his favourite. Affection, even that of a poor dumb animal, is so precious a thing, a treasure that neither gold nor silver can purchase or win, even in this mercenary world, that the loss of any portion of it is irreparable.

GEMS FROM THE OLD ENGLISH POETS.

THE HAPPINESS OF A RURAL LIFE.

BY PHINEAS FLETCHER.

[Phineas Fletcher was a rural clergyman of the Church of England, about the time of the civil war. Little else is known respecting him, excepting his having written an elaborate allegorical poem under the title of *The Purple Island* (meaning the human frame), which contains many fine passages.]

The shepherds, guarded from the sparkling heat
Of blazing air, upon the flower banks
(Where various flowers damask the fragrant seat,
And all the grove perfume), in wonted ranks

Securely sit them down, and sweetly play:
At length thus Thriss ends his broken lay,

Lest that the stealing night his later song might stay.

"Thrice, oh, thrice happy, shepherd's life and state!
When courts are happiness, unhappy paws!

His cottage low, and safely humble gate,
Shows out proud Fortune with her scorns and fawns:

No fierce treason breaks his quiet sleep:

Singing all day, his flock he learns to keep;

Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

No Serian worm he knows, that with their thread

Draw out their silken lives—nor silken pride!

His lamb's warm fleece well fits his little need,

Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dead:

No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright;

Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite;

But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

Instead of music, and base flattering tongues,

Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise;

The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,

And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes.

In country plays is all the strife he uses;

Or song, or dance, unto the rural Muses,

And but in music's sports all difference refutes.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,

Is full of thousand sweets and rich content:

The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive him

With coolest shades, till noon-tide's rage is spent:

His life is neither lost in boisterous seas:

Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease:

Pleased and full blest be lives, when he his God can please.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,

While by his side his faithful spouse hath place:

His little son into his bosom creeps,

The lively picture of his father's face:

Never his humble house or state torment him;

Less he could like, if less his God had sent him;

And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy tomb, content him.

The world's great Light His lowly state hath bles'd,

And left his heaven to be a shepherd base:

Thousands sweet songs he to his pipe address'd:

Swift rivers stob, bees, trees, stones, ran aspace,

And serpents flew, to hem his softest strands:

He fed his flock where rolling Jordan reigns;

Then took our rags, gave up his robes, and bore our pains."

TO KEEP SALMON OR TROUTS ALIVE.

A salmon or trout, as we have been told (though we have our doubts on the subject), may be preserved alive for some time out of the water, and conveyed in that state to a distance, by the following means:—Take a piece of roll or bread, and moisten it with whisky or any other strong spirit, and put it in the mouth of the salmon or trout. Surround the fish with wet moss, and place it on its side in a box or basket, so that it cannot be pressed upon. When the fish can be put in water, remove the bread carefully with a spoon, so as not to injure the teeth or mouth. It may appear dead for some time after being placed in the water, but will gradually recover and show signs of life. Our friends, the anglers, can easily try this experiment.

A GENTLEMAN'S "LOCALITY" NON-PLussed.

A writer in the Phrenological Journal, after answering some objections to the existence of a faculty for perceiving place, goes on in substance to say, "An accidental occurrence lately induced me to think that the power of Locality may be artificially suspended, and the want of its aid thereby impressed upon the veriest unbeliever in its existence as a primitive faculty. Residing in the country in a very large mansion, of which I was tenant for the summer, I was one night the last of the family to go to bed; and having put out the lights in the drawing-room, I left it with a lamp in my hand, which was extinguished by the draught on passing out by the door. In the hall I was in utter darkness, in the best possible condition to be made aware that I possessed a perception of Locality, or relative position of objects, to which, as every one must have done in the same circumstances, I applied to assist me. My course, after passing a small room between the drawing-room and hall, was to cross the hall diagonally, to a door leading to the staircase. This I knew as the point of local memory, having often in the light seen the position of the two points of my diagonal line, in relation to the pillars, doors, and other fixed objects. In consequence of an unconscious turn, I took a wrong line, and of course missed the expected door. My *Locality* was instantly useless to me, and I felt that I could make no new attempt through that faculty; the sense of *touch* alone remained to me, and I began to grope round the hall for the door I wanted. Unfortunately there were three doors out of the hall, and the first I found was not the one I was in quest of. Had it been the *only other*, finding it would have restored my local relations; but the knowledge that there was another, made the attempt to get right painfully bewildering. I continued to grope, and found the *other door*, but this gave me no help, for still, not knowing which door it was, the perplexity remained. I groped for a marble slab table, and found it, but, alas! there was another slab table, I knew, straight opposite, of exactly the same size and form, so I gave up the marble slabs. I tried the pillars, but they were all provokingly like each other, and gave me no answer as to their relative position to the other objects in the hall. The confusion in my mind increased, and contact with objects seemed only to embarrass me more. I felt unwilling to put my *Love of Approbation* to the trial of rousing the family to receive the mortifying confession that I had lost *myself* as well as my way in the hall. I had no prospect but that of remaining where I was; and the situation being exquisitely ludicrous, I sat down on a chair, and laughed at the absurdity of my predicament. I found the power of regaining a knowledge of *where* I was utterly gone, without establishing fresh known points, and I resolved to feel round the walls till I should succeed. I now remembered that one of the marble tables had a barometer hung over it, and I succeeded in finding this; and placing my back to it, made a heroic effort, for it was extremely difficult to re-establish my *Locality*. The perplexities in which I had so long been placed, made even my improved position useless to me for some minutes, and these were painfully embarrassing. It required much thinking to recollect in what direction I should go on quitting that friendly point, and I felt a great repugnance to quit it. I ventured, however, but *miscalculated*, and again missed the long-wished-for door! My confusion of brain became even worse confounded, and it seemed to be a case for the night, or the alarm bell. At last a chink of light from the staircase revealed the door which had so long baffled me; I opened it, saw the staircase window, and, as if by a charm, my *Locality* was instantly restored, and with it my equanimity!

The practical use I made of this amusing adventure, which cost me from twenty minutes to half an hour's pretty hard work, was first to add it to the other proofs known to me that *Locality* is a specific primitive power of mind. I had just experienced, to my cost, the fact, that no other power of mind which remained to me could supply it. *Sight* was not in question, for in the total darkness sight did not remain to me; but it was not necessary, for every one knows that the way can be found in the dark. I was aware of the *form* of the hall, and of every thing in it, but that did nothing for me. I knew the size of the hall, and of every thing in it, but that aided me not. I knew the *weight*, *colour*, *arrangement*, *number*, and *sound* of every thing in the hall, but none of these separately, or the whole together, supplied to me the want of an actual perception of the relative position of the objects to each other, and to my own person (for that, too, is necessary), without which all the other qualities and relations were useless to me. The philosopher will view this incident as full of instruction; while, no doubt, the unphilosophical will laugh at it, as proving nothing but that my mind had got *confused*—a meaningless, but convenient generality for their purpose. The question remains, what faculty or faculties of the mind got confused. I trust it has been clearly shown that it was *Locality*. I should like to see any one, who denies this, blindfolded in his own familiar chamber, and, according to the established usage in blind-man's buff, a usage much more philosophical than *his theory*, turned three times round, and then told to go to the door or the fire-place without first finding his way to the wall, and groping round it."

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